THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1583.

Original Poetry.

YE CANNOT BAR THE SUNLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SOPHIA W. LLOYD.

Ye cannot bar the sunlight
From the dwelling of the poor;
It will fall in all its splendor
O'er the humblest cottage door;
And the rays will shine as clearly,
The moonlight serenely fall,
And the face was surrounded by the darkest shroud
As o'er the lordly hall.

Ye cannot veil the landscape,
Unclouded and fanned with air,
The shadow rests in every vale,
The sunlight on each hill
The mountain is as grandeur—
The fairyland cannot's fill—
The greatest of the valleys young,
As true alike to all.

Ye cannot quench the light of love
Within the poor man's breast—
Nor rob him of the sympathy
That nature has pathway blest.
Ye cannot bid the law of health
To whom his church go out—
Nor shroud the sunlight of his home
In ignorance and doubt.

Ye cannot veil the throbbing
Of the good and generous heart;
Nor bid the famine grave of thought
From out the mine depart.
Ye cannot dim the glorious light
Of truth within the soul—
Or all the real good of life
Ye cannot hold control.

West Bloomfield.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

REVIVED.

As long as parted mother with her child
Their hearts will beat responsive and awake in unison—
No weeping, sundering, grief I deem.

Shakspeare—Richard II

General Garnet was certainly not a parsimonious man; and, although he had learned from the mess of his beautiful Maryland rose, that Magnus would lament that she was blooming in the sole shade of the cedars of Hadlow, in the conservatory of a court!

"Ah, me!" sighed her hitters reasonest lover, every one!

"It is well—very well, upon the whole," he said—"She has escaped the contaminating influence of an acquaintance with one order of society that may never come within reach of getting a sight into one phase of human nature, that nothing but this experience could afford her. And then—as circumstances have fallen out, and connected with his diplomatic business, had destined his departure from this time, until six months passed away—during which Miss Garnet had been presented at court. I have time to study the best course to follow—and Yes! and though still impatient to come home, I have the happy self to the utmost, as every letter testified.

Now, you would think that after having congratulated himself so upon the accomplishment

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

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Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," &c. During the coming year, we have secured the services of the following talented writers:

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In addition to such choice original articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will be filled with the usual variety of

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In conclusion, we may say—that we shall continue for the Post the character it has acquired of being a cheerful companion, a welcome friend, and a safe guide in the domestic circle. In politics, it will be, as it has ever been, a firm supporter of the Constitution, and the Union. In religion, it will be liberal, but conservative. In literature, it will be pure—but not prudish.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and in the selection of matter for its columns, the object will be to render it a welcome visitor to the fireside of every family into which it may find its way, and to make it a favorite with old and young, rich and poor. A paper that has stood for forty years, steadily increasing in its circulation, and influence, from year to year, and which has now reached the largest circulation of any paper of the same class in the country, is not to be left behind in this race for popularity.

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N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying us through the Editorial Department.

☞ Editors inserting the above one insertion, or conform the essential portions of it (the notices of new volumes, and our terms) for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. With those who do neither, we cannot do the liberal exchange we wish, or our limited means would allow.

The World Abroad.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[We take the following rather peculiar letter from the Home Journal, which says: "We do not share the contemptuous tone of our present correspondent; yet, as he is a gentleman of the highest intelligence and experience, we cheerfully give place to a communication which can offend none, while it will amuse some and instruct others."]

GENTLEMEN:—The increased number of American travellers which has been noted by many correspondents of your journal; the increased interest in the affairs of Europe on the Continent is not less remarkable. It was, of course, to be expected, that as the class of unemployed persons became greater among us, from the stagnation of wealth and the formation of habits adapted to business, more and more would be led to seek the varied and enlivening interests of foreign life. There is no country from which so much wealth is annually exported as England. There is not a capital in Europe, nor even a town possessing superior attractions, to which a considerable society of the English may not be found. This results partly from limited incomes, partly from the acquisition of tastes which can be less perfectly gratified at home—such, for example, pre-eminently, as a fondness for art. The concentration of the two very many property to assigned to the habitual wandering of the rich and the home-proud people in the world. The most luxurious mental gratifications are attained on the Continent with small sums, actual wealth in England great wealth must be possessed, in order to have any access at all to the refined intercourse of society, and collections. It is, therefore, upon the English procedent, no argument of a high standard, and no indication of a want of good principle, that many of our own land were begin to take up an indifference to what is the interest of America. America is infinitely better suited to the great moderate, save I repeat, there is, and always will be, an elegant minority, to whom it is no reproach to the purest kind of energy and endurance to say, that the finest cities and the life of the World is more genial and appropriate.

I want to say, however, that I hope to see there no large a proportion of my countrymen select Paris for their abode. My habits are migratory: I have recently seen all I have spared in absence from my native shores, I have passed many months not only in every capital, but in every agreeable town between St. Petersburgh and Valette. I am, therefore, solemnly competent to make a comparison of the characteristic features of different places. Charles Lamb tells us, in one of his quaint essays, that he usually entertained a visitor for about half a day, at a cosy snappish disposition, when he called Test, and when he made use of as a measure of the proximity and endurance of his friends. The citizen of Europe never use so dogs, to try the spirits of my companions who have been roaming about in the various nations. I commonly set the young somewhat dull fall in with from New York and Boston, and the West, which metropolis of the ancient world they like the best. If the unbalanced brethren begins to talk of Munich with frantic enthusiasm—if he tells me that he wintered delightfully at Berlin—I know at once that I am dealing with an intellectual, refined and dignified mind—a student and a thinker, and no earnest seeker for improvement. If he talks of Florence, with the sighing sadness of a youth severed from the sweet girl for whom his heart swells—if he replies that he came to Venice for a day and lingered there a year—if he speaks of Rome, as a mistress—if he converses in piety—some to which no epithet can be given—to which no expression can be worthy—I see before me a human soul, with an attitude—at once are ten to one he will do—and cries, "Ah, Pa-ris! Paris! where is there another to live in, in the world, and that is Paris!"—I set him down for a common-place, frivolous, superficial nature, whose sphere of enjoyment must be sought beyond the limits of the second. Not that Paris is such, in which the mind of refined taste, the man of refined taste, the high-bred dignified gentleman may find higher enjoyment, perhaps, than in any other city. But I am not well what the American's Paris is—especially, the young man's Paris. I want not a child of the prodigacy of that life—for that is a subject too extensive and too serious to take up on the last page of a letter. I shall probably write it

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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General News.

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

One of the most frightful and melancholy catastrophes it has been our lot to record, occurred in New York, on the 20th instant.—The following, as near as can be ascertained, are the particulars of the dreadful occurrence:

About three o'clock, just before the pupils of the Ward School, No. 26, occupying the new building on Greenwich Avenue, near Sixth Avenue, were about being dismissed for the day, the principal of the department on the third floor of the building, Miss Harrison, was seized with sudden illness of a paralytic nature, causing such an effect upon her face as to induce the greatest alarm among the children, a majority of whom were girls, ranging from six to eight years of age.

The consternation gradually increased, and in the midst of the alarm the cry of fire was raised, [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 22.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

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The new volume will open in a style of elegance that will convince our friends that "EXCELSIOR" is our motto for 1852, and that "Graham" will continue to be

THE FAVORITE OF THE PUBLIC,

both in its pictorial and literary character. While the extraordinary increase of the amount of reading matter will insure it a still wider welcome and circulation.

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WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

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Selected Poetry.

THE THREE LOCKS.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

I let them quietly on my own pillow—
Those locks of hair—the golden, dark, and white!
My wife had laid them there,
As the flowers whose grave rest my anger night.

And memory hurried from the former past
To the present, and the future years to be!
Then, with a heart o'erflowing, I laid me down
Where those three locks of hair had rested again.

Patient—I see them now, as when thy grace
Threw sunshine around the dreary home of poverty!
Thy locks were golden then, and thy heart
Trusting yourself by your husband's side.

And the sweetness grew not faithful!
A golden ball of love must fall in the tomb!
And the world was lonely to death was willed,
We blessed it, and turned to our children.

Calmly to death—to dust—to more than ground!
World-worn and weary, there went ready soul!
Thy children—all grown—left there to live and die
As when this lock I took from off thy brow.

Retreat!—the scene's color passes on or about
Me, and I am alone in the spot of life;
Then the last tragic which affection must
Bear from the side that holds my heart up.

Oh, Death! how hard to the pain when thou
Scatter the tender bonds which bound him here!
Oh, Death! I shall not close over large parts
Than that which brought him to be early late.

In the young springtime of his days he passed
Through the dark valley of temptation and sin,
As the bright morning may be crossed
Ere noon shall send out upon its track.

My Cousin!—my dooming eyes behind thee still,
At when thy little hand in mine was pressed;
At when thy gentle voice my soul would quiet
To feel thy young heart throb upon my own.

At when the golden curl would crossly bless
With the light power of a dawning love;
At when thy prayer made my potency less
A thousand of the ills that I knew.

I reserve a locks—the pale, the dark, the white!
They mingle with those upon my own brow!
Life's shield, Death's sign, Child, Wife, Widowhood!
The simple cord with eloquence is rich.

Dead! is the time dividing spirit—old!
A mighty theme for could be grave!
The nearly men within its heart is cold.
Ere yet its youthful glories cease to move.

Carpet Bag.

Pictures of Life.

DESPERATE COMBAT.

BETWEEN AN OSAGE AND A PAWNEE CHIEF.

[The following is from a series of sketches by John Mills, Esq., illustrative of life among the Indians in the far West. Mr. Mills accompanied a party of Osage Indians on a grand hunting expedition to the centre of which they accidentally encountered about an equal number of Pawnees. Between these two tribes a deadly hostility existed, and on the occasion to which the present portion immediately placed themselves in fighting position, and all was ready for a general melée, when the following singular and thrilling occurrence took place:]

Much to my surprise, a solitary warrior single-handed dashed into each light of the contending tribes, while flying at the head of a lance, approached me at four yards. The Osages instantly checked their horses at the command of their chief, and motionless as rude forward to meet the messenger of peace.

The conference was held between the Pawnee and Black Wolf in the space between the lines, where we stood watching their movements, with an interest easier to be conceived than described, believing our brethren in arms that the Pawnee chieftain was willing to settle the fight in single combat, and that to himself would more either of the Osage braves who might be chosen champion of his nation.

This rocky challenge created the wildest commotion among the aspiring warriors of our party; and so numerous were the volunteers, and urged their claims to have the honor so assigned to them, that unless Black Wolf had settled the question by claiming it for himself, it is far from improbable that a new dynasty might have arisen in mutiny against its chief. There was no disputing, however, the right of the chief to take precedence of all; but the opinions of many veered to the opposite point, concerning the policy of so unusual a step. Many deemed they were to take no share in the glory. The present number regard the expedient as a mere trial fight, alleging that we were stronger than the enemy, and should capture all their horses and skins, while they would be left to walk to their wives, in addition to a pretty hard of invaluable wedge.

Black Wolf, however, either from prudential motives, or a desire to gratify his own vanity, decided to accept the challenge on the terms on which it was sent, and agreed that the horse and accoutrements should be the trophies of him to be the prize of the conqueror, which he was to take immediately possession of in the presence of the respective parties.

These preliminaries being adjusted, the arms of Black Wolf were now carefully examined by his companions, who threw aside all jealousy the moment the question was settled. One took his flinter and tried the soundness of the shaft by bending it so that the two ends nearly met. Another thumbed his lancetting, while several changed their arrows for those in the hands of their friends, which appeared defective. The tomahawk of his rifle was tried and regimed, and even his knife and tomahawk underwent careful scrutiny. The lower of the nation was at stake, and the breast of each devoted general seemed to be swelling with patriotic pride and solicitude for the event which was to decide the fate of the Osage or Pawnee chief.

All being in readiness, Black Wolf dashed his heels into his horse's sides, and bringing him upon his haunches by way of a start, galloped into a wide circle before us, for the combined purposes of exhibiting himself, and manœuvring to his enemy that he was ready for the strife.

Nothing seeker can be pictured to the imagination than the appearance of the chiefs, as each, at his birth, with the exception of his arms mounted his steed, proudly, mused and decorated, and excited steed with grace, ease, and confidence. A half of the war eagle's plume surmounted his head, proudly, mused and decorated, and excited steed with grace, ease, and confidence. A half of the war eagle's plume surmounted his head, proudly, mused and decorated, while his finely developed chest stood out like that of a soldier's. With spotted lance, each he held his horse's head close to his chest, and using the spur freely, roused the animal's fiery blood, until large flakes of foam flew from his jaws, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes looked ready to spring from their sockets.

After making the circuit, he suddenly reined in his horse, and the two stood motionless, as it savored from a momentary transformation of the centaur of whose we remained stationary to watch the result and see fair play. There was not, however, of us outwardly betrayed, the slightest appearance of treachery; as in these contests, which, although not unfrequent occasions of mirth, are occasionally indulged in, the strictest faith is kept with the terms on which they are brought.

The pistachi horse with the bearer of the lance, on which a small red flag fluttered, now darted from the line of his warriors directly up client to the distance, and making a corresponding circle with Black Wolf came up in the same way opposite to him; and they appeared, for a few brief seconds, to be eyeing each other with intent far from cheerful.

As if moved by a common impulse, both drove the butt ends of their lances into the ground, and then raising their rifles from their thighs, dashed forward, and fired at the moment of passing each other, some fifteen to twenty paces apart. Whether the bullets flattened, or were rendered harmless against the tough shields of buffalo hides which were suspended round their necks, or whether they flew wide of their marks, I cannot tell; but, for aught I could see, no harm was done.

Dropping their reins to take aim, their horses carried them forward, in which act they passed each other the respective parties of Osages and Pawnees were posted. Indeed, room had to be given to the Pawnee chief, who came with such a rush towards us as to threaten to upset a handful of the weaker of the spectators, among whom, so there was no danger to be apprehended, I had placed myself. There was little opportunity to observe him closely; but he was evidently of much less stature than Black Wolf, and presented more of that fine and noble bearing which characterized the chief of the Osages. He seemed equipped in precisely the same way, and was equally devoid of the smallest article of attire. It however, his personal attractions fell short of those of his antagonist, his horsemanship and manner of using his weapons appeared in every way equal to him. Snatching up his robe, he checked the animal, and brought him round, as if turning upon a pivot; and then adjusting his robe with a rapid movement, he drew an arrow from his quiver, and, with bended bow, swept towards Black Wolf, like an eagle shooting upon his prey.

The chief of the Osages was equally prompt with whom he had in deed, was prepared to the meaner; and as they met, about midway between the planted lances, their barbed weapons were drawn down to their bows, and while they went at the same moment, with lately a dozen feet intervening between them. An observer could not have told, and with exactness of calculated skill, it was barely possible that they should miss each other; but their bowstrings resolved the arrows, and both the warriors as yet remained unwounded.

The short bout being easier to manage than the rifles, round they turned their horses as soon as the arrows were discharged, and, again they swept in the same course, with their lances prepared, as if by magic for the bout. In this, the Pawnee chief, who was the wearer of the lighter armor, for so he came towards us I perceived a stream of blood trickling down his left arm, the arrow having passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, ripping it upwards, but not materially injuring it.

Black Wolf also met with a wound in the forearm, from the Pawnee's arrow having passed almost to the feather in his shield; and although that greatly spent in the force with which it was delivered, it proved a slight graze in his right side, from which the blood flowed copiously.

With increasing excitement the two were rode at each other, delivering their arrows as fast as they could turn their bows. Both sides had agreed by a point to endeavor to get a shot without receiving one in return. But as well matched were they, both in the skill of their lances and use of their weapons, that neither could obtain this advantage, in spite of the most strenuous exertions.

The bodies of the two chiefs became crimson with gore from the number of fresh wounds which each received; but as yet no mortal one had been given, and from the vase observed in conducting the body by means of the reins, and lying along the back of their horses, so as to present to view as little of their person as possible, there was no great probability of these weapons terminating the fight.

At length Black Wolf's last arrow was shot, and as his enemy came towards him, he held up his bow to signify that his quiver was exhausted. In a moment the Pawnee turned his horse, and galloping back to where he had placed his quiver, replaced it there, and returned instantly to his side. Nothing look as hostile his ex-cept. The two reversed with wake and eyes of gigantic size, which have been cut down from time to time as far as was necessary to make room for buildings, and the trees that are left standing give the place as air not unlike that of one of the ancient parks which adorned the cities of New England. It is laid out in regular rightangles, after the fashion of Philadelphia, those streets running East and West, and numbered alphabet, and those North and South after the

VIEW OF SACRAMENTO CITY, FROM THE RIVER.

The plan of Sacramento City is very simple It is situated on the West bank of the Sacramento River, at its junction with the Rio Americano, about one hundred and fifteen miles from San Francisco. The town is of recent origin, having about one-and-a-half miles to a side. The site of the city is covered with oaks and other trees of gigantic size, which have been cut down from time to time as far as was necessary to make room for buildings, and the trees that are left standing give the place an air not unlike that of one of the ancient parks which adorned the cities of New England. It is laid out in regular rightangles, after the fashion of Philadelphia, those streets ranging East and West, and numbered alphabet, and those North and South after the

arithmetic. The greatest objection to such a system is the sameness of the appearance of the streets.

The rapid growth of this "city in the woods" seems like the fabled productions of the magician's wand. In the month of June there were but four houses. Six months later, the number of inhabitants had risen to two thousand, and there were then in the town about two hundred and fifty houses. At the present time, there are about four thousand inhabitants.

The city is settled principally by New Yorkers, New Jerseymen, and emigrants from the Western States. In settling the place the spirit of it is not behind San Francisco, while its growth, in view of the difference of location, is more rapid and healthy.

In the month of January, 1849, a great overflow of the Sacramento River occurred, debarring the communication with San Francisco for eight days. Some few years ago, at a benefit given to a fire company, in Philadelphia, a new segment for patriotic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut Street Theatre. The play was Hamlet. But before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the Ghost struck for wages, and the manager was forced to supply his place as best he could.

In due time this play went on, and the Ghost in his then character, saying, in his usual tragic manner,

"Hamlet, *I am thy father's ghost!*"

When, some how, the people of Denmark was contemplating the image of his father's ghost, a voice was heard from another wing—

"Don't you believe him, Hamlet; I am your father's ghost—this fellow underlid me."

And, with the word, the ghost rushed in blue armor, of course,) stepped on the stage.

The embarrassment of Hamlet was extreme. Two ghosts of one father, both dressed in blue armor, speaking at once, and each claiming to be the ghost Simon Pure, as these—

"Hamlet, *I am thy father's ghost*," began No. 1.

"No, Hamlet, I'm your father's ghost," cries No. 2.

Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," continued No. 1.

"No, Hamlet," said Ghost No. 2, pointedly, "only to the State's doomed to walk the earth—and him. You see, by plays for five dollars a week, and I would not do a night six. "I'm your father's ghost, Hamlet."

At this juncture, while Hamlet stood looking from one to another, in most unequivocally confusion, No. 1 again rallied.

"If I could a tale unfold," he said.

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At this stage the curtain fell, leaving Hamlet to settle the matter with the two ghosts behind the scene, while the audience were shouting fents, but not of merriment.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

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"*A Tea Sample.*—The Critic's paid to a friend.

"*A Two Hundred Guinea Challenge to Mr. Hobbs.*—To pick one of the Jewel Brothers in Fleet street."

The Cucumber Market has not yet recovered from its flatness, and, indeed, the only joke with which any stuff can be manufactured, will give rise to those constant gibes which the public taste suggests, and demands. In this vein some of the tuged respectable nonsensicates are at this hour in large demand. Wooden Nutmegs, Commodores on hand, with no means of getting rid of it. The following are some of the best samples we have had for a long time:

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"?" Pugsy, where are you going?"

"Down to see a friend."

"Why, I'm sure you, for it's a long time since I have seen a friend."

For Housekeepers.

PUDDING PUDDING. No. 1.—A quarter of a pound of butter, sugar to the taste, and the yolks two table-spoonfuls of brandy, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, one tea-spoonful of grated lemon peel, half of nutmeg grated, the crumb of the pumpkin in very little water, mash it very fine, add the butter, and sugar to the taste, then the yolks of the eggs and the pumpkin is cool add them and the other ingredients, and add the liquor to it which is left in the pan in the pumpkin, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When they are to be send to the table, cut them in squares.

QUINCE PUDDING.—Six ounces of mashed quinces, half-a-pound of butter, half-a-pound of sugar, five eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and thicken the quinces, mash them very fine, and when cold add to them the butter, eggs and sugar beaten to a cream. Which the eggs very light and stir in with the other ingredients, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When they are to be send to the table, cut them in squares.

PARSNIP PUDDING.—Six ounces of mashed parsnips, half-a-pound of butter, half-a-pound of sugar, five eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and thicken the quinces, mash them very fine, and when cold add to them the butter, eggs and sugar beaten to a cream. Which the eggs very light and stir in with the other ingredients, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When they are to be send to the table, cut them in squares.

PARSNIP PUDDING.—No. 2.—Eight eggs, one pint of stewed pumpkin, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, a wine glass of brandy, one tea-cup full of cream, one tea-spoonful of ginger, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, one tea-spoonful of grated lemon peel, the crumb of the pumpkin in very little water, mash it very fine, add the butter, and sugar to the taste, then the yolks of the eggs and the pumpkin is cool add them and the other ingredients, and add the liquor to it which is left in the pan in the pumpkin, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When they are to be send to the table, cut them in squares.

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Wit and Humor

EPIGRAMS.

Epigrams pave the truth of the old saying that "brevity is the soul of wit." Good epigrams will keep a good while; the attic salt, that is their chief component, saves them from becoming stale. Send them as offer in a letter. Perhaps the following epitaphs may be worthy of a place:

Charles eating ancient cheese did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay,
"I know," quoth David, "so can do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

Byron wrote the following on England, and in many respects it is as applicable now as when written:

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses we pull,
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

The following, written on glass with a diamond pencil belonging to Lord Stanhope, conveys a delicate and merited compliment in a few words:

Accept a miracle in place of wit,
See two fair things on one bright pane's pencil writ.

John G. Saxe is responsible for this on an ill-read lawyer:

An idle attorney brought a lawsuit
For something to read, some new sort of affair,
That he was really fond of reading
Take Chitty, replied his legal friend,
There isn't a book that I could find
Which more sure need so pun.

Written after going to law:

The law they say great nature's clean counsels,
Her statutes are the rules of right,
In one behold reverend great nature's laws,
At my office open by a single cause.

Tom Hood wrote the following, which requires no explanation:

After each years of drowsiness and strife,
Of weary waiting for a legacy,
Here lies one reconciled to all his foes,
Here lies a man who has no enemies.

The following, written on Sunday, is one of the most perfect of the kind we have ever seen:

Here lies our sister Jane, and her cares are o'er,
She lies in peace until the judgment day,
Which rouses us all, and she among the rest,
Though she was dead, yet sleeping she lies.

Two Graves to One Hamlet.—Strange things occasionally happen behind the scenes. Some few years ago, at a benefit given to a fine comedian, in Philadelphia, a new segment for patriotic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut Street Theatre. The play was Hamlet. But before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the Ghost struck for wages, and the manager was forced to supply his place as best he could.

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Selected Articles.

MAN MAGNIFIED.

FROM DICKENS' "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

The den magnified, until he looks as large as an elephant, and on sight as a crocodile, is an old friend with all eight-eyes. Neither are such marvels of the microscope, as the terrible combat described in the cave of light in the works of the Polytechnic Institution—where animals, with all sorts of fingers and hands, double and fring fish, dart, and twist, and jerk in all directions—unfamiliar ones to juvenile and nervous constitutions. Man may be magnified as well as fleas. The fancies of Swift have been perfected by the discoveries of the microscopist. The rough chin of the Brobdingnagian has been shown in reality under the object glass, with other features of the human frame, as large as they have ventured to imagine. Non-sakes, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, every sinuse of the human frame has, in turn, become the subject of investigation. The bones on which the body is built—the muscles that move—the brain that directs the—the—and the nerves that convey that will to such instinctive blood as that exalting and repair—and the lungs which feed the blood with air—have all been put under the lens, and made to reveal their peculiarities.

We total not, to see all this, not up one of these Polytechnic microscopes, or rumble one's fossiles for specimens. The whole task has been done through many an anatomical course, and we have the remains told in scientific terms, by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, in his volumes on the Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease," recently completed in two handsome volumes, including the doctrine for terms, let us see what facts they afford us.

No Microscope ever was made ever ever will be made so powerful, large enough to grasp any whole specimen of the great beast at once. You must cut him up into manageable pieces, as a Tom Thumb, and put him under the power of eight or nine hundred diameters. But though we cannot magnify the whole animal at once, we can put examine him in detail, portion by portion. One fold, or one drop of blood, displays to the astonished eye of the man of science, a new world of wonders. Inside a bone, the fat resembles honeycomb, ranged thick and regular; between the ridges, little specimens of the bone-cells, which make up the bone, are symmetry drawn. Under the surface, and forming the most important and interesting portion of the bone, is the blood, besides the marrow of bone-cells, but if this be valuable, it is not the bone-cells